

God's gracious Design in inflicting
National Judgments.

A
SERMON
PREACH'D before the
UNIVERSITY
OF
OXFORD

At ST MARY'S

On *Friday, Dec. 16th 1720.*

Being the Day appointed by His MAJESTY for a General FAST and HUMILIATION for obtaining Pardon of Our Sins, and averting GOD'S *Judgments*; and particularly for beseeching GOD to preserve Us from the PLAGUE with which several other Countries are at this time Visited.

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OXFORD,

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TO HIS GRACE
JAMES
DUKE of CHANDOS,
MARQUIS and EARL
OF
CARNARVON,
AND
BARON CHANDOS
OF
SUDELY.

May it Please Your Grace

TO Pardon the Presumption of this Address,
and Permit the following Discourse to pass
into the World under Your Protection.

The Melancholly Subject of it, may (I
hope) be an Advocate for it, and incline You to grant
that Favour which I had not the Confidence to Ask.

The Calamitous State of a Neighbouring Coun-
try has stirr'd up an universal Fear of the Approach-
ing Danger; and the Misery that is round about us,
has engag'd our Tenderest Compassion.

The DEDICATION.

It was this that recommended this Discourse to Those that heard it; and their Charity towards the Distress'd, inclin'd them to cover the multitude of its faults, and entertain too kind an opinion of this imperfect Representation of their Distress.

I cannot mention that equally Candid and Learned Audience, without remembring that the Joy and Crown of the University, and the rising Ornament and Support of Church and State, the Marquis of CARNARVON was present, who indeed was constantly a part of That Audience.

This has encourag'd me to believe that Your Grace will also receive it with Favour, since Your Character is adorn'd with Charity, and You esteem it Your Greatest Glory to shew Compassion to the Afflicted.

May Your Grace long continue to imitate That truly Great Prince, who was stil'd the Delight of Mankind; and to tread in the steps of One Infinitely Greater, who went about doing Good.

These are the Sincere and Earnest

Prayers

of Your Grace's

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

Thomas Newlin.



PSALM LXXVIII. 50.

*He made a way to his Anger, He
spar'd not their Soul from Death:
but gave their Life over to the Pe-
stilence.*



WHEN the Judgments of God Isa. 26. 9.
*are in the Earth, the Inhabi-
tants of the World will learn
Righteousness. And the pre-
sent Season is certainly a
proper Time for us to ap-
ply our selves to this ne-
cessary Study, yea the Time is come when we
should break off our Sins by Repentance, and
hasten to turn away the Wrath of the Al-
mighty. For the Calamities of a Neighbouring
Country call upon us to consider our Sin and
Danger, and bid us awake out of our Secu-
rity, while the Destroying Angel as yet with-
holds his hand and suspends the Execution of
Vengeance.*

The Divine Mercy has long waited for our Amendment, and endeavour'd to draw us with *the cords of Love*. But the abuse of its Patience will aggravate our Guilt and Misery, and *make our Plagues wonderful* when it can no longer bear with our Ingratitude.

We may behold the method of God's Proceeding, in his dealings towards the *Egyptians*. He at first intreated *Pharaoh* to *let his People go*: But when the unmerciful King refus'd to release them, he inflicted a variety of Punishments upon the Land, infesting even the Court it self with Frogs and Lice, *giving the Increase of their Fields to the Caterpillar, and their Labour unto the Locust*, destroying their Flocks with *Hail*, and their Herds with *Thunder*.

Psal. 78.

But He was more Tender of the Life of Men, till He had us'd all the means of Perswasion in vain; and *Pharaoh* return'd to his former Hardness, though he seem'd for a Time to be melted into a compliance. Then He was constrain'd to execute *his strange work*, and give his Indignation full scope to exert it self.

His Goodness pleaded for them, and stood in the way to check and abate his Anger, while it yet had hopes of working upon them: but at last *he suffer'd his whole Displeasure to arise*, and remov'd every let and hindrance, that the Ministers of his Wrath might go forth as a Gyant to run their Course.

The chief of all their Strength were blasted immediately by the Pestilence, and *faded away suddenly like the Grass, at the Breath* of his Indignation.

dignation. The Palace and the Dungeon were equally expos'd to the spreading Calamity, and the King of Terrors distinguish'd not between the Prince and the Captive. *The First-born of the People* were offer'd as First-fruits to the Grave; and *Pharaoh and all the Egyptians* were disturb'd by an universal cry at *Midnight*, because the Arrow that flieth in darkness devour'd their Offspring with swift Destruction, *and there was* Exod. 12. 30.
not an House where there was not one Dead.

This dreadful Dispensation so nearly resembles the Occasion of our appearing before God this Day; that I cannot but hope for your fix'd and serious Attention, while

First I observe that God is forc'd to make a way to his Anger, when He punishes a People in this surprizing manner.

Secondly, Whilst I consider the wretched condition of a Nation visited with the Pestilence.

Thirdly, While I shew the End and Design for which it is inflicted. And

Lastly, Whilst I endeavour to convince you of the necessity of answering this End and Design. And

First, I observe that God is forc'd to make a way to his Anger, when he Punishes a People in this surprizing manner.

It is the Distinguishing Glory of Man that he bears the Image of his Maker; and he does not in any respect more plainly resemble him than in Charity and Compassion. And as this is its own Motive and stirs up it self to relieve the Poor and Needy; and the Bowels of Mankind are pain'd and troubled, unless they afford them Relief; so the Goodness of God excites him to be kind to the Miserable, and is an effectual Advocate for the Sons of Men.

We need no other Intercessor: *tho' Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not,* yet God himself will plead for us, and either obtain from Himself the Blessings that we desire, or prevent the Dangers that we fear.

And even when our Sins provoke him to shew his Displeasure, his Mercy *stands in the gap*, and restrains his Vengeance from executing it self upon us; It importunately begs for a little more patience and forbearance; and when he is going to strike, prevails with him to *put it off from day to day*.

All the Divine Perfections are Infinite, and therefore cannot properly restrain each other; neither is there any occasion for it, because they act in perfect Harmony and Agreement, *and in all God's dealings, Mercy and Truth meet together, Righteousness and Peace kiss each other.*

Psalms 85.
10.

But yet such is the condescension and Goodness of God, that He is pleas'd to represent his Justice and Indignation, as under a state of confinement, limited and held in by his milder Attributes, and hardly suffer'd to appear, till ab-

absolute Necessity compel them to draw their Sword.

Nay he seems to offer violence to himself, when he proceeds to punish his Creatures, and yields to it with Regret, as to his last Remedy, which He uses only when their case is desperate, and no other means will prevail.

When he vouchsaf'd to converse with *Abraham*, and communicate his Intention of destroying the City that had *fill'd up the measure of Iniquity*, he gave his Faithful Servant the largest Opportunity of Interceding for it, and Infinitely exceeded the Patience of *the meekest of Men*, waiting till there was no room for Intercession, and *Abraham* could intreat no more.

If there had been *Fifty Righteous within the City*; If there had been *Forty and Five*; If there had been *Forty*; If there had been *Thirty*; If there had been *Twenty*; If there had been *Ten Righteous found there*; He would not have destroy'd it for *Ten's sake*, but would have rejoyc'd that *Dust and Ashes* had presum'd to speak to him, and had sav'd the City from Destruction. Gen. 18.

What Man is he that has *an Arm like God*, and can *Thunder with a Voice like him*? yet so low does he stoop to his Creatures, that he permits *Jacob* to wrestle with him, and also to prevail.

And when the Children of *Israel* worshipp'd Psal. 106.
the *Calf* that they had made, and turn'd their 19, 20.
Glory into the similitude of an *Ox* that eateth Hay;
He

He suffer'd *Moses* to resist the fierceness of his Anger; and as if Man had been too strong for God, he even besought him to give way to him, and said, *Let me alone, that my Wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them.*

Exod. 32.
10.

We cannot wonder that he should *set bounds to the People round about, that they might not break through and perish at the sight of his Presence on the holy Mountain.*

But we cannot sufficiently wonder at his Goodness for restraining his Anger, and setting bounds to it, that it may not break forth and consume his People.

Numb.
16.

The Incense offer'd by *Aaron* is so effectual with him, that *stands as a partition Wall between the Living and the Dead, and the violence of the Plague is stay'd.*

1 Chron.
21. 15.

And even before *David* is inclin'd to raise an Altar to his God, the Destroying Angel is restrain'd; and the God of Mercy and Compassion says *it is enough, stay now thy hand.*

But Miserable are the People that force him to *make a way to his Anger*, and shew forth all his Displeasure. *The Pestilence goes before Him*, and he compasses them about with an Host of Diseases; Which brings me

Secondly, To consider the wretched condition of a Nation visited with the Pestilence.

But it is difficult to consider it, since the Divine Compassion can hardly bear to inflict it, and is constrain'd to turn away it self before it is inflicted.

It

It is a melancholly part of the Pastors Office, to visit those unhappy People, that groan under this Calamity: and it is an ungrateful work to attempt to represent it. Happy are we that we can only form uncertain conjectures concerning it, and draw but faint shadows of it. Happy are we, that I am no more able to make, than you are to bear a perfect Description of this dreadful state: it is more than enough to hear the distant Reports and Ecchoes of a wretched Peoples Groans.

When *Xerxes* had gather'd *an Army that cover'd the face of the Earth*, he look'd back on the multitude of Nations that march'd under his Banners; and *he wept, his Eye ran down with water*, because he consider'd with himself, that within the space of an hundred Years, this vast Army would fall a Prey to the King of Terrors, and not so much as one Man would remain to give Testimony to his Conquests.

And have not we more reason to weep? should we not wish *that our Head were Waters, and our Eyes a fountain of Tears, that we might weep day and night*, for the many Thousands that have been swept away from one City only, within the compass of a few fleeting Months, by *the noisom Pestilence*?

How doth the City sit solitary that was full of Lam. 1. 1. *People! How is she become a Widow! she that was great among the Nations; and Princess among the Provinces!*

Her Merchants were Princes, her Traffickers the Isa. 23. 8. *Honourable of the Earth. But now she is De-*
solate.

As

A Fast-Sermon Preach'd before

As soon as the Almighty permitted his Fury to go out against her, she became the Dread of all the Nations, and an Astonishment to every People. *None came to her solemn Feasts; Her Temples were shut up; Her Trade languish'd; and Her Merchandise was shunn'd and abhorr'd.*

From the time that the Pestilence went forth, it continually seiz'd a multitude of her Inhabitants: *Morning by Morning it pass'd over, by Day and by Night it destroy'd; and it was vexation, only to hear the Report of her Destruction.*

No distinction of Age, no strength of Life avail'd; but the flower of Youth faded away, at the blast of the Disease, and lost in an Instant its Bloom and Beauty. And They that were yesterday untainted, and enjoy'd the Perfection of Health, are cover'd to day with putrifying Sores, and turn'd into a mass of Corruption.

The young Children drew in Poyson from their Mothers Breasts, and died while they were yet hanging upon them: or (which is yet more afflicting) the Parents were snatch'd away while they were giving suck.

The Streets were full of Death, and the Infection seiz'd the People, while they pass'd through, and would not suffer them to fly to *their Beds for Rest, or their Couch to ease their Complaint.*

In vain is there *Balm in Gilead*: In vain are there *Physicians there*, for the Pestilence baffles all their Arts, and triumphs over all their Remedies. *The Skill of the Physician us'd to lift up his*

his head; and in the sight of great Men, he was wont to be in Admiration: for his Knowledge came from the Most High, and by his Hands did the Lord heal Men, and take away their Pains.

But now his Medicines were useleſs; and he himſelf fell into the jaws of Death, while he endeavour'd to reſcue the Miſerable.

The dying Perſons had ſcarcely Time to beg for Mercy, or receive the charitable Aſſiſtance of the Miniſters of God.

And thoſe Faithful Miniſters that diſcharg'd the neceſſary Office, were daily devour'd by the Plague, and periſh'd gloriouſly in the performance of their Duty. And that great Example of undaunted Piety and Courage, Their Biſhop, ſtood almoſt alone Miniſtring to his Flock, while *a Thouſand fell beſide him, and Ten Thouſand at his Right Hand.* And he was not afraid to ſtand even in the miſt of Death, and hold faſt his Affection to his People, in That Dreadful Day of their Calamity, when the common Offices of Humanity ceaſ'd, and even the Ties of Friendſhip were Diſſolv'd.

The Provident Fathers could no longer take care of their Families; The Tender Mothers could watch no more over their Children; The Faithful Friends were unable to cleave to the Objects of their Affection, or help them in the Time of Need; but fled to the greateſt diſtance from them, and avoided the loathſom Spectacle of the ſpreading Diſeaſe.

They could not attend in the laſt Hour, to wipe off the Sweats of their Languiſhing Bo-

C

dies,

dies, or receive their dying Breath, lest That Breath should be the Pestilence.

And not only the Offices of Friendship were Destroy'd, but all Relations were frequently Taken away, and one undistinguishing stroke, cut off the Servants, the Children, the Parents, the Brother, and the Friend.

The common Danger superseded every private Concern; and it seem'd to be more than enough for every one to guard himself.

The Chambers of the Grave were not large enough to receive the number of its Guests, and *the Land of Darkness* could not contain the daily increasing Multitude.

Those that died of grievous Deaths had none to Lament them, none to Bury them. They are as Dung upon the face of the Earth, and their Cair-cases are Meat for the Fowls of Heaven, and for the Beasts of the Earth. The City is made an Open Sepulchre; and their Bodies are scatter'd at the Graves mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth Wood upon the Earth. And the heaps of Dead that lie in the Streets, seem to say to the Passengers (if there are still any Passengers) Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by, that we cannot hide our Corruption in the Earth, or find a place in the Grave?

Nor does the Sword of Vengeance stop in the City: its Commission reaches farther; and the Plague spreads its baleful Influence, notwithstanding the strictest caution, and the most watchful endeavours to prevent it.

For

For when God in his Anger commands it to extend it self, it *flies upon the wings of the Wind, and the Winds and Storms fulfil the word of God.* The poyson'd Air communicates the Infection, and every Vapour becomes an Arrow of Death.

Wheresoever the Waters flow, they carry Vengeance along with them, and pour forth Misery on every side.

The Ships that approach'd to That unhappy Port, which was the Center of This Calamity, are forbidden to come *into the Havens where they would be*; and the wretched Mariners are driven from every Land.

And when the Plague rages amongst them, and the Famine also distresses them, They cannot obtain the necessary supplies of Food or Physick, for every Shore becomes an inhospitable Shore, and every Country is forc'd to be unnatural in its own Defence.

And even when the Storms and Tempests have driven them towards the Land, and Shipwreck has depriv'd them of an Habitation upon the Waters, they have been treated with merciless Cruelty, as if they were the worst of Enemies, and denied the benefit of a miserable Life, because they were abhorr'd as the Ministers of Death.

But I fear I have trespass'd upon your Humanity, and may be charg'd with violating the Tendernefs of Nature, unless I draw a Veil over this melancholly Scene. I shall therefore shew,

Thirdly,

Thirdly, The End and Design for which the Pestilence is inflicted.

As to the People that have suffer'd this terrible Punishment, we may charitably presume, that it has wrought *its perfect Work* upon them, and *brought forth Fruits meet for Repentance*.

Let not any Difference of Religion tempt us to sit in Judgment, or pass our Censures upon them. They that died of the Plague have (I am perswaded) made a just use of the short opportunity that was vouchsaf'd to them, and improv'd the Day of their Calamity into *a Day of Salvation*.

Their Souls are wash'd in the Blood of That Immaculate Lamb that was slain to take away the Sins of the World. And whatsoever Defilements they might have contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty World, are purg'd and done away, and they are presented pure and without spot before God.

1 Cor. 15.
42, 43. And even their *Bodies that were sown in Corruption, will be rais'd in Incorruption, that were sown in Dishonour, will be rais'd in Glory, that were sown in Weakness, will be rais'd in Power*.

And the Remnant that is left, those few that survive these spectacles of Mortality, do (I hope) see how frail and uncertain their own Condition is, and *so number their Days, that they seriously apply their Hearts to the Holy and Heavenly Wisdom*.

And we ought to make it our daily Prayer, that they may be entirely cleans'd from the Corruption of the Plague, and (which is a
greater

greater Blessing) may cast off the Corruptions of an Erroneous Religion, and enjoy the Light of the Gospel in its Clearness and Purity.

But whatsoever was the End and Design of their Affliction with respect to themselves; we ought more deeply to consider it as it relates to us. Instead of supposing that the suffering People *were Sinners above all other People*, we should ^{Luke 13.} conclude, as our Saviour has taught us, that *except we Repent, we shall all likewise Perish.*^{5.}

There is always *Mercy in the midst of Judgment*, Mercy even to Those upon whom it immediately falls; and more especially to Those that behold their Neighbours Calamity, without Partaking of it.

When the Almighty has spoken to us from time to time with *his small Voice*, and we turn away our Ears with scorn and contempt; He is constrain'd to speak with the louder Voice of his Judgments; and the God of Goodness is compell'd to shew him also a God of Power.

It grieves him to yield to this constraint, and even then his Compassion hopes to find Objects meet for it self, and to awaken a careless presumptuous World into a sense of their Danger and Duty.

The Profane Scoffers may impiously imagin that *the Lord hath not sent* his Ministers, and may ridicule their Office, as a crafty Invention: But they cannot presume to Invade that Office when they see *the Fire coming out from the Lord, to consume the Men* that durst offer Incense without a Divine Commission.

If

Numbers
16.

If Korah, Dathan, and Abiram die the common Death of all Men, they may pass unregarded as the Beasts that perish: But if the Lord make a new thing, and the Earth open her Mouth, and swallow them up, with all that appertain to them, and they go down quick into the Pit; then surely the Impenitent will confess, that it is dangerous to provoke the Lord, and a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Living God.

Heb. 10.
31.

While the Sun shines upon the Evil and the Good, the Evil will abuse the Mercy of Providence, and turn its Favour into an Objection against it.

Psalin 19.
1.

When Wickedness has strengthened it self, and is fenc'd round with its own Confidence, in vain does the Sun, that marvellous Instrument of the Most High, declare the Glory of God: in vain does the Firmament shew his handy work.

The Moon that increases wonderfully in her changing, and decreases in her Perfection, gives her name to the Month, and performs her circuit within the compass of it: But Days and Weeks and Months pass away, and few there are that consider by whom the Moon was created, or who it was that appointed it to govern the Night.

Ecclus 43.
10.

The Stars stand in their Order, and never faint in their watches; but Men forget the God of that glorious Order, and care not to think for whom they watch.

The Rains descend to water the Earth, and the Dew refreshes the tender Plants, the hoary Frost of Heaven is scatter'd like Ashes, and the face of the Deep is frozen: But no one remembers

bers the Father of the Rain, or him that begot the drops of Dew, out of whose womb came the Ice, or who hath gendred the Frost of Heaven.

Since therefore the common Benefits of Life make no impression upon us, and we regard not those Mercies that *are new every Morning*; the infinite Wisdom of God is pleas'd to afflict us, and use the more powerful expedient of his Judgments to bring us back to himself. But alas! even these fail to awaken us, unless they are wrought in a Terrible manner, and bear the undeniable Tokens of Divine Vengeance.

Every Day brings a variety of Evils along with it, and the Scene of Life is full of Calamities: But whilst they are common to every Age and Country, and no more than the ordinary effects of our Fall, we consider not the Hand that strikes us, and are not touch'd with any apprehension of Danger.

The treacherous uncertainty of Life, and the silent approaches of Death, do not lessen our Confidence, or incline us to watch for the Hour of our Change.

When neither the Pestilence nor the Sword consumes the Nations, innumerable Multitudes are still cut off, by usual Diseases: But Thousands pass away without affecting us, and we are neither concern'd for them, nor for our selves.

Unless the Almighty break forth in his Displeasure, and shew his Avenging Hand, we sleep securely in our Sins, and forget that we are liable to Punishment.

And

And such is the growing Confidence of Men, that they deny the Providence of God, because He does not immediately destroy them; and ridicule his Power till he is Terrible in his Doings towards them. And they are not afraid to
 Isa. 5. 19. *say, Let him make speed, and hasten his Work that we may see it; and Let the Counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it.*

But we then begin to think of Judgment, when *the Judge standeth at the Door*. And when the Sword of his Anger goes thro' the World, we at last conclude, that *surely the Lord is in this place, and we knew it not.*

We can no longer be unmindful of our Danger, when the Pestilence hastens towards us, and every Blast of wind threatens to bring the Infection upon us, and spread the Conquests of Death.

Acts 5.

Great fear must necessarily come upon all, when Ananias fell down and gave up the Ghost, at hearing the Reproof of the Apostle; and Three Hours had scarcely past, when Sapphira his Wife was pursued by as swift a Vengeance, and the feet of them that carried her Husband to his Grave stood ready to carry her forth.

And as great a fear should certainly come upon us, when Thousands of Families have been snatch'd away by as sudden Destruction; and the Widows and Orphans have follow'd their Departed Husbands and Parents to the Grave, before they could *make Lamentation for them.*

The End and Design of these Judgments is so open to your view; and your immediate Danger is so forcible an Argument, that (I am perswaded) I need not long detain you, by endeavouring

Lastly, To convince you of the necessity of answering this End and Design.

He that ruleth the raging of the Sea, hath made the Waters our Bounds till Day and Night come to an end, and guarded us with them, as with a Wall on every side. And as he has secur'd us from other Enemies, so he has screen'd us from the Pestilence, and not permitted it to invade us, though the King of Terrors is encamp'd round about us.

But if we abuse this distinguishing Mercy, and do not answer his gracious Designs, He may turn the advantages of our Country into the means of our Destruction; and the channels by which our Riches are convey'd, may convey the Plague to our Houses, and bring it at once upon every part of these Islands. Our Merchants may import Diseases with their Wealth, and the Contagion may mingle it self with all our Stores.

Our Danger is already so great, that we are justly afraid to receive them, and cannot but suspect that they are tainted with the Fatal Pollution.

And though we are still preserv'd from it, Let us not grow Presumptuous upon the continuance of this Mercy, or cherish a vain opinion

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of

of our selves; for we have reason to fear that God is angry with us, even because he forbears to strike us. It is too probable that He is wearied with punishing us, and has given us up to our Sins. *Why should we be stricken any more? we shall revolt more and more.*

If we look into our selves, we shall find sufficient occasion for these fears; for our carelessness and stupidity are dangerous tokens; our disease seems to be desperate; or rather we seem to be dead in Sin.

The Lamp of God is almost gone out, and the Fire upon the Altar is almost extinguish'd; even the shadow of Religion declines apace, and the bare formality of it hardly subsists; and those excellent Prayers that were compos'd by Confessors, and seal'd with the Blood of Martyrs, are repeated in a lifeless manner, and hardly so much regarded *as a Tale that is told.*

Nor is only the want of Religion chargeable upon us, but the most insolent Profaneness; *its poysonous Arrows* fly abroad, and the Man is accounted *Happy*, in the judgment of some, *that has his Quiver full of them.*

Psaln 7.
13, 14. *But if we will not turn, God will whet his Sword: he hath bent his Bow, and made it ready. He hath prepared for us the instruments of Death, and ordain'd his Arrows against his Enemies.*

Amos 4.
12. *Let us no longer persist in our Enmity, lest He should summon us to appear before him, and surprize us with that dreadful alarm, Prepare to meet your God.*

Let

Let us embrace the opportunity, if we have yet an opportunity of Repentance; and let us *fly to the Throne of Grace*, and seek for Mercy *while it may be found.*

Let us esteem every moment of our Time, as *a Pearl of an exceeding great price*, and wisely improve it into a happy Eternity.

Let us not murmur or repine at any lesser Evil, while we are preserv'd from the great Calamity. Whatsoever grievance we are tempted to complain of, Let us remember that we abundantly deserve it; and *it is of the Lord's Mercies that he spares our Soul from Death, and hath not given our Life over to the Pestilence.*

Let not the seeming loss of our imaginary Wealth, disturb the Peace of our Minds; and Let us not fret against God for depriving us of our deceitful Vision of Riches. The increase of our outward State, was like a sudden swelling in the Natural Body; and when it began to abate, it appear'd to be nothing else but Corruption.

We flatter'd our selves in our Temporal, as well as our Spiritual Condition, *and said, we are Rich, and increas'd with Goods, and have need of nothing:* Whereas in both Conditions, we were *wretched and miserable, and poor and naked.*

But had those admir'd Riches, in the pursuit of which, all orders and degrees of Men, and even all Parties were united; had they been as solid and substantial, as we vainly thought them; had our Possessions been as great as Ambition and Avarice could desire: yet what would they

have avail'd, if there had been *a cry at Midnight*, Behold the Destroying Angel is come? what would all our Stores have profited us, if *our Souls had then been requir'd of us?*

Let this consideration silence all our Complaints; and Let us value it as an infinitely greater Blessing than all the Treasures of the World, that we are yet permitted to assemble in the Holy Place, and stand in the Presence of God.

Let us therefore offer to his Fatherly Goodness, our Selves, our Souls, and Bodies, to be a Living Sacrifice to Him; and always Praise and Magnify his Mercies in the midst of his Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

To whom with the Father and the Holy Ghost, Three Persons and One God, be ascrib'd (as is most due) all Glory and Majesty, Dominion and Power both Now and Ever. Amen.

F I N I S.